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❖ IN THE ❖

❖ MORNING ❖

❖ OF LIFE ❖



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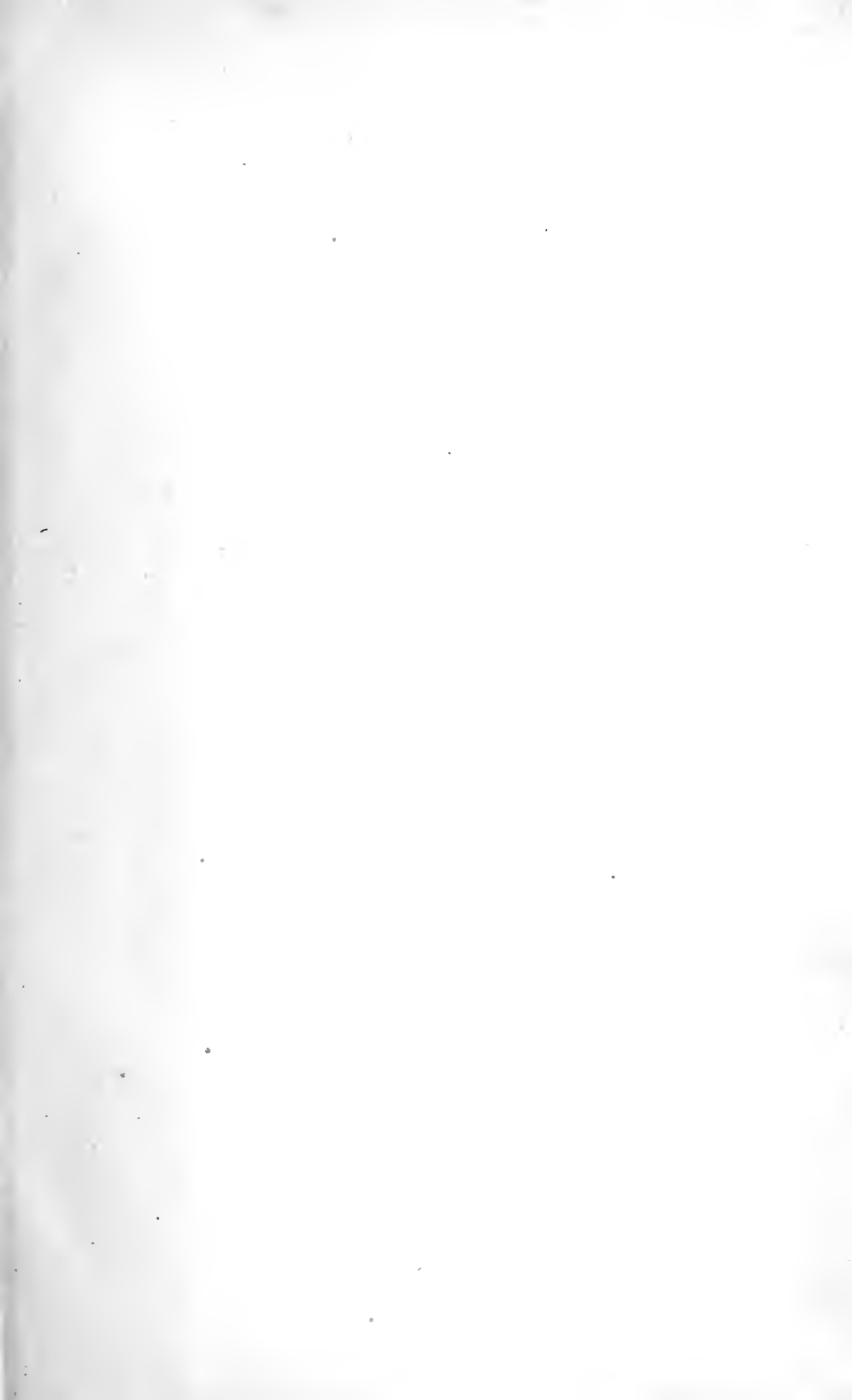
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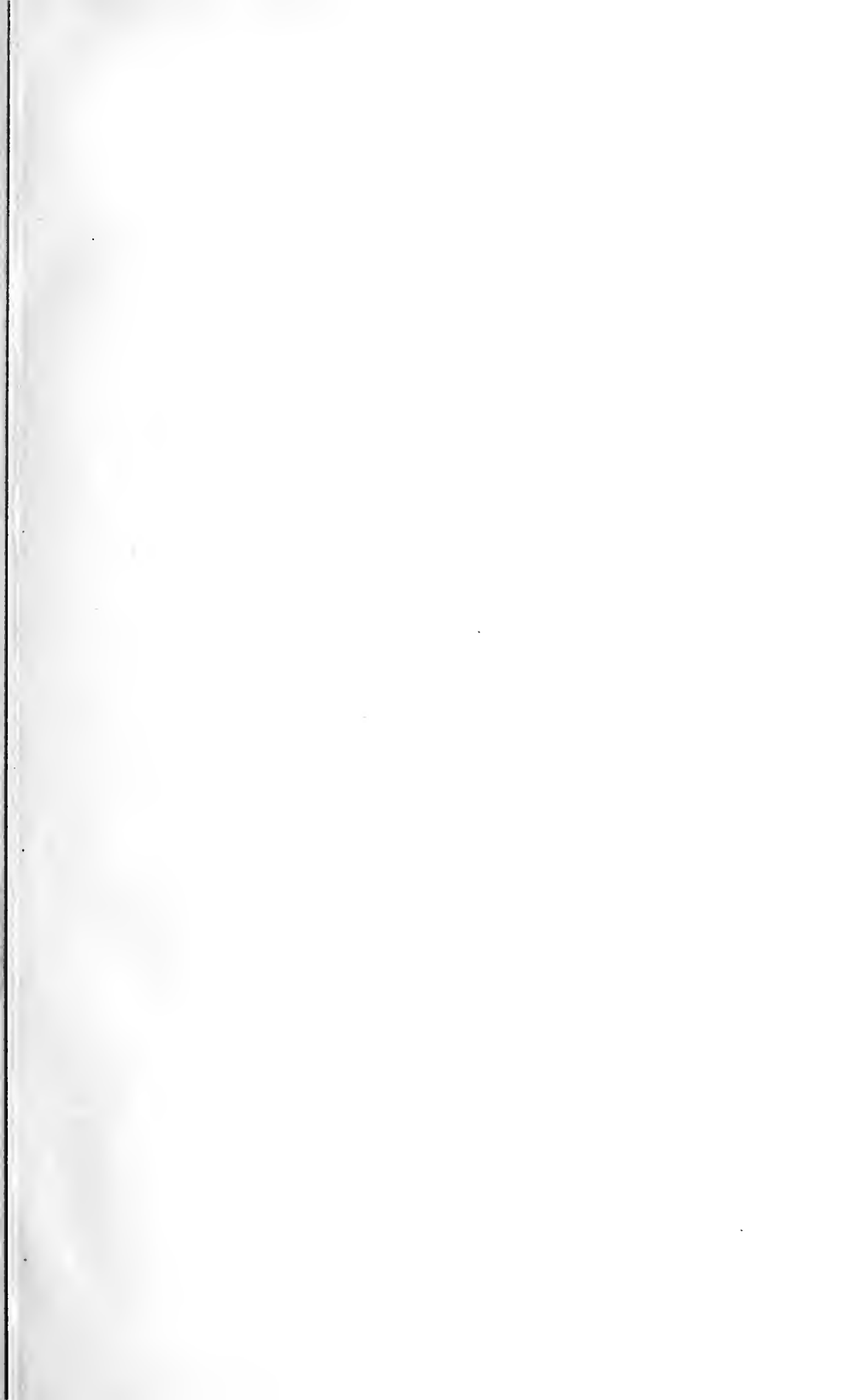
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Your friend.
E. M. McMillan

IN THE
Morning of Life.

A Tribute.

DEDICATED TO
Those whom Effie Loved.

1879.

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INTRODUCTION.

DEAR FRIENDS:

When one dear to us has passed into the Bright Beyond, we grope about in vain search for something yet to be done, which shall bring to our spirits a sense of duty performed. But after every doing, there comes back to the desolated heart a response which is as the reverberation of a soulless echo.

Such, in so far as they come from my own pen, seem the annals contained in these pages; but you will kindly accept, as the last offering which love can bring, this tribute to the memory of one, whose appreciation of the devotion of her friends was only equaled by her appreciation of the responsibilities made hers by such devotion.

The flowers were sent me from loving hands. I have essayed to combine them into an harmoni-

ous cluster, and now I place them in your hands trustingly—hopefully. May their grateful fragrance awaken associations which shall call back through Memory's halls words, acts and scenes, from the life passed from us into the realms of the spiritual, which shall be an inspiration through all the days to come.

C. M.

AVONDALE HOME,

MARTIN'S FERRY,

OHIO.

August 16th, 1879.

In Memoriam.

In Memoriam.

DIED—In San Antonio, on the evening of the 25th of February, 1879, Effie McMillan, niece and adopted daughter of J. C. McMillan, Esq., of Xenia, Ohio.

JEALOUS of earth's bright possessions,
an envious heaven has claimed the
better and immortal part of Effie
McMillan. At this separation of clay and
spirit, a brave, pure soul winged its way to
its God. In condoling with the tearful
friends who mourn, we can offer only, by
way of consolation, the remembrance of a
life's duty quietly and simply but fully
done.

About the first of last December, Miss McMillan came to Texas, hoping to recuperate her fast-failing health. For a while, the high hopes which were based on the vitalizing powers of the genial sunland, bid fair to be realized; but with the unusually severe weather of the Christmas holidays, there came an appalling change for the worse, and thereafter the most sanguine friends could speak no words of hope. With the setting of Tuesday's sun, the struggle was over, and her soul, tried in much physical torture, was at peace in the bosom of its Saviour. It will gratify her absent friends to know that she died not as among strangers. The last vigils were kept by friendly eyes, and the last struggles, so far as possible, alleviated by friendly hands.*

*Mr. L. Slayden, in San Antonio DAILY EXPRESS of February 26th, 1879.


McMILLAN.—February 25, 1879, in San Antonio, Texas, Effie McMillan, niece and adopted daughter of J. C. McMillan, Esq., of Xenia, Ohio.

“**D**EATH loves a shining mark.” Effie McMillan’s gifts, both natural and acquired, were of a high order. Her foster-father afforded her every opportunity to secure a thorough education. A graduate, with the honors of her class (1876), of the Pennsylvania Female College, she devoted herself to teaching with the ardor which so often characterizes cultivated and earnest young souls. She overtasked her energies while laboring in the Female Seminary at Hollidaysburg, Pa. Her health gave way; the fatal consumption, to escape which she fled to San Antonio, fastened upon her system, and neither skill nor affectionate care could dislodge it.

A Christian and a lady, a worker and a believer, her short life was beautiful in its womanliness; her death, peaceful and happy. When so feeble as to be scarcely able to speak, she whispered, when near the end, that she was going to the heavenly home. Pointing upward with her finger, and fixing her eyes upon that which is not seen, she "endured as seeing Him who is invisible."*

* Rev. W. T. Morehead, D. D., in THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN of March 19th, 1879.

MISS EFFIE McMILLAN.

FROM the sunny clime, where the spring flowers bloom, and nature symbolizes the spring time of immortal life, comes the sad intelligence:

DIED—In San Antonio, on the evening of the 25th of February, 1879, Effie McMillan, niece and adopted daughter of J. C. McMillan, Esq., of Xenia, Ohio.

In the dawn of womanhood, our deceased friend has passed away to the realms of endless peace and glory; but in the short space of her earthly life, she quickly and fully finished the mission which was allotted to her by her Covenant God. She developed a character refined in nature, harmonious in all its blendings, and withal, beautified by a spirit pure, noble,

and elevated. Difficulties and trials were surmounted by the exercise of a heroic faith, which knew nothing of failure. As a student, she garnered rich fruits of intellectual stores. Few at her age have acquired such breadth of knowledge, quickness of perception, and accuracy of reasoning, as marked her educational course, which gave promise of a high standard of culture and thoroughness of scholarship. With her, the real and true constituted the goal, and not the fanciful and superficial. There was a dignity in her mien which, because of its naturalness, won for her the esteem and love of all with whom she associated. As illustrative of this, I will quote a paragraph from the DAILY EXPRESS, of San Antonio: "It will gratify her absent friends to know that she died not as among strangers. The last vigils were kept by friendly eyes, and the last struggles, so far as possible, alleviated by friendly hands."

Her spiritual life was characterized by deep conviction of the truth as it is in Jesus; frankness of confession, strength of faith, and elevated consecration; with her religion was neither a form nor a dogma, but a "soul-life," the realities of which were manifested in the walk and beautiful consistencies of Christian life; and as she lived, so has she triumphed in the closing scene.

This young life has not always been bright—shadows, and even clouds, have at times darkened her pathway and saddened her heart; but even when the night shade lowered, the beaming smile of a trusting heart would illumine the clouds, and the morrow would find her wrestling with new energy in her life-work.

Such a life—pure in its nature, honest in its purpose, cultured in its bearing, and, to crown all, sanctified by grace, speaks from "the beyond," and by its silent testimony

presents to our youth an example worthy to be treasured in memory, revered for its consistency, and lovingly followed.

“From this unanchored world,
Whose morrow none can tell,
From all things restless here,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God.”*


*Rev. Thomas C. Strong, D. D., in Pittsburgh EVENING TELEGRAPH, March 5th, 1879.

Launched.

LAUNCHED.

"Two angels, one of Life and one of Death.
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke."

"How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude
highway
Stretches so fair and wide?"

WENTY-TWO years ago, into a humble home in Central Ohio, there came a tiny mite of humanity, whose existence, in the midst of desolation and sorrow, was scarcely recognized. The entire household was prostrated with a fearful type of fever, and this frail bit of humanity seemed stranded upon an unknown shore, and but awaiting a returning wave to carry it back to the Eternity from which it had so recently been wafted.

Thus this home was found by a relative, who had come to it in the hour of need. Having arranged for the tending of the sick ones who had already an established claim upon life, she gave her attention to the little stranger. The spark of life was faint, but the good woman determined that it should be carefully fanned, and if it should go out in darkness, her own loving hands should lay the little sleeper to rest. So, carefully wrapped and placed on a pillow of smallest size, the infant was carried to a new home in Southern Ohio. In this home no voice of infancy for many years had sounded, and many curious, sympathetic friends came daily to have a look at "Mrs. McMillan's baby." Motherly eyes filled with tears as they rested on the features so perfect in their diminutiveness, thinking, doubtless, of the uncertain future awaiting the little stranger left motherless—fatherless—thus early on life's journey.

The child was called Effie for an aunt, who wished, in future months, to adopt her as her own. Meanwhile the little Effie assumed signs of life, began to put on the innocent graces of babyhood, and to look wonderingly into the eyes of her foster-parents; so that, when the aunt came to claim her child, after a night spent in discussion, they refused to let it go. And she, with her husband, went back to her home, lonely and disappointed, but assured that the sacrifice was for the future well-being of the tender little one, who thenceforth became Effie McMillan.

Thus, in loving care and solicitude, dawned this young life. For six brief years the child was the constant care and delight of hearts that grew daily in affectionate devotion. But a change came. . . . Disease had for years been making stealthy inroads in the gifted mind of the devoted mother. Even the "windows of the soul" were dark-

ened by its touch. The large, dark eyes, always full of strong intelligence and feeling, rolled eagerly in their sockets in search of familiar objects of vision. Many means were tried to restore health to the feeble body—consequent vigor to the mind—and vision to the eyes, from which the light had gone out, but to no avail—till death came in the guise of deep sleep—and the little Effie was a second time, in a life so brief, left motherless.

The revolving circuit of life's changes brought to this saddened home, in less than two years, a gentle spirit whose sway proved a blessing and a happiness to all. She came with such loving, quiet grace, with such rare judgment, that all hearts were won. Though gentle, she was strong in the right, and the hearts of her friends safely relied on her.

Our little Effie grew in childish grace and in stature. She was carefully guarded

from evil, and instructed in wisdom's ways. The successive coming of two little daughters brought no diminution of care and love for the thoughtful-eyed child—no injustice—no prophesy of future ill.

These were years of blessing, the care-free child-life passing into happy school-girl days, in which began to be evolved the elements of future character. She evinced, in early life, a love for music of the sacred order—deep, soul-stirring, or of triumphant strain.

Her selections for poetic recitation were such as Absalom, Prisoner of Chillon, The Celestial Country, or some sweet, pathetic waif, which minds thereto inclined can always bring forth from hidden stores. Selections such as these, given in her undulating, sympathetic tones, ever touched a responsive chord in the hearts of listeners. She evinced an aptitude for writing, also, which was a promise of much future ability.

But the pathetic and sympathetic phase of our Effie's character thus early developed, was only one of its many distinctions. She had the keenest appreciation of the ludicrous, and was a leading spirit in the school-room's happy throng. In consequence, evening after evening, as the boys and girls were dismissed, Miss McMillan was requested to remain for a few minutes' conversation with the good Professor. She had no dread of these interviews, for she knew, from frequent experience, their import. With utmost good nature, she would walk to the seat of the threatened inquisition. After a smiling reproof for inability to control her risibles, the inquisitor would launch into a discourse upon the responsibilities of those possessed of superior mental endowments, and would close his ostensible lecture with encouraging narrations concerning those who had risen to heights of mental power and culture through many trials and deprivations.

All this was quietly accepted by the young school-girl as a not unpleasant, but scarcely intelligible, part of her daily discipline. But in after years, when fired with the ambition to make the most of her noble mind, and to create for herself a place among men and women of intellect, it returned to her as a pleasant remembrance and encouragement.

Such was Effie McMillan, the school-girl of fourteen—at home, dutiful, patient, pleasant of temper, unselfish, and trusted—when a second time a heavy cloud of grief hung suspended over this oft-visited household. The noble, gentle-voiced mother, who had for years been in delicate health—much of the time away from home for medical aid—had returned with the brightness of hope in her eye, and apparent bloom of health upon her cheek; but in two short weeks the Death Angel had faithfully completed his mission. The spirit had gone to the

Beautiful Home for which it was so abundantly prepared. She had been for these years as a guardian angel—as “sunshine in a shady place.” The angel had fled to its native home—the shadows had deepened into night.

The father was now an old man. He had faithfully loved and cared for the little Effie in his childless days, and now, with her deeply affectionate nature, she endeared herself to his heart yet more. With the orphaned little ones, who “now, in softened mood,” became his constant companions, she was ever the object of his kindly care and solicitude.

In other days, and in her tender years, there had also been adopted into this number a sister of the Effie so well-beloved, who remained there during the vicissitudes of passing years, save for a short period after her graduation, during which time she was engaged in an educational institution in

Southern Ohio. Now, therefore, having but partially emerged from a long indisposition and deep mental gloom, the thought of the sweet devotion and helpfulness to each which might yet grow out of their sisterhood, came to her like a revelation. And the two hearts—one young and hopeful, the other tried in the furnace till hope had almost fled—became as one in motive, in aspiration, and endeavor for future good. At home, pleasant books were read aloud; piano and organ, carefully attuned to one pitch, mingled their tones to make evening harmonious, and the sweet voices of the children lent a charm to the songs.

Pleasant, cultured people came and went.

The quiet street, in summer arched with beautiful maples, seemed an avenue in which, shut off from the vain world, each minded first his own affairs, then sought the good and happiness of his neighbor. In winter, bright firesides and brighter eyes

held always in store a warm welcome for the social neighbor.

The trait most strongly marked in our dear Effie's character, during this little era of less than two years duration, was a deep sympathy for every phase of discomfort and sorrow which came under her notice. She would say, in most appealing tones, "Come, let us go down and see poor Mrs. N. Think of her, all alone with those bad children." Or, "Let us go and see poor Mrs. D. She never goes out, and never gets to see any one." Or, "Poor Mrs. A. is so lonely; let us go over and talk to her." This trait was so manifest, that familiar friends often rallied the dear child upon her desire to assume the woes and take the cares of the entire community on her young shoulders.

Thus early, too, her religious impressions became deep and fixed. In a little, quiet retreat of her native town, called the Third

Church, she enrolled her name, and took for the first time the Holy Communion. She took her seat, also, among the singers, who there rendered the quaint old "Psalms of David" "without harp, or psaltery, or stringed instrument."

Time passed away, and brought another of life's lessons.


As blessings come oft to us in the guise of deep misfortunes, and curses in angelic garb, so there came into the life and into the home of the young girl something promising joy and good, but which brought in its train an experience so dark that we would fain draw a vail of impenetrable fold over its scenes, and shut them from memory's view forever. From the fiery ordeal our Effic emerged with wasted form and languid step—face, from which the smile had faded—eyes, from which the spirit-light seemed to have died out.

Outward Bound.

OUTWARD BOUND.

“And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes.
With the thymy-scented grasses.”

“Visions of childhood! Stay. O stay!
Ye were so sweet and mild!
And distant voices seem to say,
‘It cannot be! They pass away!’
Other themes demand thy lay:
Thou art no more a child.”

HE autumn of 1874 found our Effie established at Mt. Auburn Institute, situated on the beautiful suburban heighth bearing that name, overlooking the city of Cincinnati. She was but seventeen, and thenceforth virtually homeless. But here, under encouraging influences, life again became to the young mind a thing of

beauty and a joy. In three months from her entrance into this school, her most familiar friends would not have recognized, in the young girl with beaming countenance and ringing laugh, the pale, sad-eyed Effie of weeks before.

The school was small, but with teachers of the first ability. Beloved of its noble president and the many friends she found here, as in every place of sojourn, Effie's character began to unfold into a singularly marked individuality.

Thus passed a year of quiet study and progress. Strong attachments were here formed, which had much influence over her future life. And the gift of sprightly narration and forcible description, with which she so often delighted her friends, became a decided trait of mental development.

Early in this year Professor Newall, the able and gifted President of Mt. Auburn Institute, died suddenly, leaving all con-

cerned with it in deepest uncertainty. The school was continued, however, under the care of a former president, through the year; but at its close, teachers and pupils went forth to seek new homes and other halls of study. Effie—child of circumstances—joined her sister, and together they spent the sweet summer days in the neighborhood of the pretty town of Oxford, in Southern Ohio. Here mutual relationships brought her into a charmed circle, of which Professor Swing was the centre, and the holiday hours glided by in a succession of rural delights. But they were gone as a pleasant dream, and the young girl returned for a few weeks to Xenia, to prepare for a coming year's work.

The letter here introduced, from her friend, is full of beauty, and expressive of that interest so often shown by those who read her character in the quiet manifestations of its depth and fullness:

DEAR EFFIE:

Such a quiet hour has come that I must talk with my new friend, and thus make the silence full of society. It is a Sunday night, without a cloud and with a sky full of stars. The lake is roaring from the effects of the storm that has been blowing all day. You, whose mind is so full of sensitiveness in presence of Nature, would greatly enjoy the scene from our windows, where sky and lake offer two pictures—the one of heaven's peace, the other of earth's tumult.

Friends, who have been in the parlor all evening, have all gone, and have left me free to follow fancy or memory. In this hour, Memory comes in the more pleasing garb. To me she is more beautiful than Hope. What has been is ours. It is in the soul. What may be is uncertain. And then there is a pensiveness in memory; a solemn thought that all has fled, a feeling that life is like fading roses, that delights the soul with sadness. Tears are often a joy.

I promised to tell you what defect there is in the love of Nature. The defect is this: Nature will never speak any kind word to us. The hills

and vales, into which you love to gaze by the hour, will never speak tenderly to you, nor will they be moved to shed a tear when you pass away from earth. Nothing in the magnificent external world will ever come to you and say, "Effie?" The human spirit is, therefore, the best earthly shrine at which we can worship; and always, always shall I prefer to look upon a human forehead, and into a friend's face, than gaze at the grandest mountain or deepest sea.

But we need not turn away from Nature. The human friend only helps us enjoy the world the more; but the friend is the real, grand world, most worthy of affection. In memory, the scenes along that stream will stand in sweet lines forever, but sweeter always will be the memory of the friend that was beside me, for the heart of the innocent and gentle is something higher than the verdure of the woods or the murmur of waters.

Do not be astonished when friends love you. You should expect the utmost kindness from all, for your face is full of youth and affection, and if we dare not love you, why should we love anything, or possess that power in the spirit? Is my soul to love the trees only?

One more year of study, you say. Do not care for courses of study, nor appoint a time to end it. Read and talk. Memorize prose and poetry, that your soul may thus acquire wings, by which it may fly out into the wide world and be free. The chief task to be performed, is to break the bars of iron that imprison us and to be free. Yours is an infinite Christ. He loves all, sing they hymn or psalm. Thus may you escape all the forms of bondage; the bondage of self-depreciation, of distrust, of indifference, of repose, and move out into the open fields of life and joy.

A gifted, beautiful soul, half imprisoned. You thought kind words must be only in jest, that none could love you deeply! And then you felt that to conceal friendship was a first duty! Had I concealed my friendship for you and your loved sister, we would never have been such friends. Now are we not joined in lifelong ties?

If your heart so incline, you must spend a year here in some school. But if your heart looks eastward, then you must go eastward; for no one but you can read the longings of your own heart. Should you come here, my family will all help you toward the feeling that home is near by. Should

you go eastward, then you must visit us sometime while your beautiful girlhood is so easily made happy.

I am very sorry that, upon my return this week, you will no longer be within the reach of our large carriage. I shall cherish the hope that you will, when the time of study returns, cast your eyes up northward and westward, and in your heart long to be near us all who have added to old ties of relationship new ties of special love.

The same Creator made us all, and in His beautiful impartiality did not fill your heart with sincerity and mine with coldness and form, but made us all ready to hear and to speak kind words out of the heart's depths. No doubt this is the only long letter you will ever receive from me. You already have a large business to transact in the letter line, and hence I shall not expect you to write to me. Again I express the hope that the affection which so many bestow upon you will only cheer you along the paths of culture, and will make you feel not only how sweet is life, but how full of responsibility are its fleeting days.

Ever your own friend,

DAVID SWING.

CHICAGO, August 1st.


Fair Winds.



FAIR WINDS.

“Have hope! Though clouds environ round
And gladness hides her face in scorn.
Put thou the shadow from thy brow.
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith! Where e'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth.
Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven.
The inhabitants of earth.”

OME lives are like the smooth, unbroken surface of a quiet woodland lake; others like the restless flow of ocean current, and changeful as its heaving billows. So was it ever through the years with—Effie. The Pennsylvania College, at East End, Pittsburgh, beautiful for situation, and comfortable, even elegant, in all its appointments, deserves a name of more significance.

Here, with the return of autumn, under the able care of Dr. Strong and Miss Helen E. Pelletreau, the young student found a favored spot, and study became a pleasure.

A year passed on in the trials and triumphs incident to life in a young ladies' boarding school, and at its close Effie stood an acknowledged leader. Of her position none were envious—her sway was disputed by none; for, as always, respect, love and honor, had followed her steps. Of the fourteen lovely young girls who looked out through the rosy mists of "Commencement Day" upon what seemed to them a new and glorious world, there was not one to whom it seemed to offer more than to Effie McMillan. Life seemed spread out before her in long, bright vista, for she had within herself capabilities equal to any demand, while health lightened her step and brightened her eye, and gave a sweet power to her presence.

It was within these months that, in a letter received from a gifted friend, there occurred this passage—"Effie is a great ship, sailing near Heaven. You and I are but little boats, beaten about upon the shores of Time." Words lightly written, doubtless, by the author, but they lodged in the heart of a fond sister, and remained there as an oft-recurring prophesy. Who could have guessed that the "great ship," with sails full and beautiful, should so soon glide peacefully into the Heavenly port, whilst the little boats afar, still tempest tossed and beaten, drift along the shores of Time.

She tarried within the college walls for a time, to recover from the excitement and fatigue attendant upon the closing scenes of the school year, and then returned to the quiet town which had been the home of her childhood. Many friends greeted the return of the young girl, grown so stately and mature in a few brief years. They

could scarcely recognize in her the gentle, pleasant child that, in days not far gone by, had glided in and out of their homes. Motherly hearts welcomed her return with generous affection. Freedom from the daily routine of study, for a time, seemed very pleasant, but with the return of physical and mental vigor, induced by rest, her active mind demanded an active field. A little visit was planned to the northward. Whilst with the friends, proud and happy at her unexpected coming—her busy brain did not rest from constant devising of ways which should satisfy her determination—it occurred to her to write to a relative unknown to her in the past save by reputation and a mere casual meeting. A response to her note of inquiry came quick and decisive by telegram—"Can you come and teach a little school in Mt. Pleasant?" The young girl questioned, "Shall I go on a message so vague?" and her brave heart and judgment

responded, "Yes." A letter followed the decision, saying, "I will come;" and in the midst of cold and storm, she started out over unfamiliar roads to a new experience in life.

Out of darkness, and cold and rain, into the warmth and brightness of the cheerful parsonage parlor at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., a graceful welcome made right all the strangeness and discomfort of two weary days.

The following morning, in the little study of her uncle's handsome church, she was confronted by eight young ladies and several gentlemen, who had come to see the young stranger about to assume the mental guardianship of their daughters, whom they were yet unwilling to send away from the restraints of home influence. It was a bright and happy six months which the beautiful-minded Effie spent in charge of these young girls in the quiet mountain village. It was a happy season, for was it not a

starting point from which, with energies newly roused, with conscious ability within herself, and with purpose of heart, she should climb higher and higher, and make for herself a place and position which none might gainsay.

Study and travel had brought into the parsonage much from the outside world, and people of culture and refinement from all parts of the land found within its walls a hospitality most graceful and charming. And this new life, with its daily routine, with nothing to offer from the outside world, instead of being narrowing in its tendencies was notably the reverse.

Frequent little trips to the city were planned for the young teacher by her new friend, the kind "Mistress of the Manse." From these—having gathered courage and inspiration from the faces of loved friends, and busied herself with the execution of many commissions, she would return com-

pletely renewed in spirit, to walk quietly on in the humble path of duty.

To her, Nature spoke a language needing no interpreter. The shifting shadows of the mountain side were to her a continual panorama of beauty, and, knowing her love for them, the young people brought her generous offerings of beautiful things from mountain and meadow. Excursions over the steep, rocky roads to some fine point were a favorite Saturday pastime for the little school, with additions from their young friends of the village. How the young girl enjoyed them! She drank in with intense delight every beauty of earth and sky, and more than all, the light-hearted glee and enjoyment of the young spirits about her. These were gala days. She left Mt. Pleasant, and the sweet home she had there found, endeared to all hearts.

Once more, and for the last time, a summer of rest came. Hastening to the city,

she sent for the sister to whom her devotion had become as a guiding star, having arranged that they should spend a summer of happiness together. The College at the East End had ever been a favorite spot. A few days later, within its ample walls and quiet shadows, were the sisters. All had dispersed to their scattered homes, save a few choice friends who were to remain through the coming months. And never while life endures shall fade from memory's walls the sweet pictures of that happy time. The days were not an idle dream, but a constant activity, in which lived, and loved, and planned, and wrote, these friends. No shadow of selfishness, no clashing of interests, none of the moods or ills to which flesh is heir, entered the charmed precinct during all the beautiful days; and it seemed almost as a special season, granted to cast a grateful light over darker recollections which the unrevealed future held in store.

Sea Murmurs.

SEA MURMURS.

“Once more upon the waves: yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance whereso'er it lead!
Tho' the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on.”

IN the old town of Hollidaysburg,
nestled among the mountains, rise the
great stone walls of a young ladies'
seminary. Very grand looked the structure
outlined against its mountain back ground,
as the eyes of our Effie rested upon it for
the first time. The cold gray walls had
caught something of warmth and beauty
from their draperies of American Ivy, already
tinted by the autumnal sunshine. So,

to the young girl called thither as instructress, it seemed a fitting place in which to pursue the leadings of her ideal destiny. And when within, she had entered upon a new line of literary duties, entirely suited to her mental tastes, the prospect seemed bright indeed. But of the opening year, with its developments, thus writes one who gathered her story from the lips of the young ladies themselves, as, from time to time, they gave it her:

“Picture a young girl stately of mien, with form of perfect outline—her shapely head crowned with a mass of sunbrown hair; broad, smooth temples, with arching brow, and long, dark lashes shadowing the changeful eyes beneath. Eyes such as those of which a gifted one writes—‘They are deep and reach back to the spirit: eyes full of deep, tender and earnest feeling: they are eyes which, looked on once, you long to look on again: eyes which lie before you in your future like stars in the mariner’s heaven: . . . they are meek and quiet, but full as a spring that gushes in

flood.' She was not beautiful of feature in the accepted significance of the word, but beautiful wherein lies true loveliness. The purity of her soul was written upon her countenance, where each passing thought showed forth in the ever-varying expression. Her natural grace and dignity commanded respect, while her animated conversation attracted all.

"Such was Miss McMillan when she came into the midst of a school of girls eager to criticise, and ready to repel all advances. To this noble woman we were instinctively drawn, though our school-girl natures for a time rebelled. Respect soon ripened into ardent admiration and love for her as a friend.

"Her willingness to oblige and render assistance, together with her ready smile and kindly encouragement, made us all eager to seek her counsel, whenever cause gave opportunity or excuse. Notwithstanding her conscientious fulfillment of a teacher's duties, our devotion remained constant, and all she did was considered good and just. Nor was earnest concern for our welfare manifest in matters pertaining to school alone. When the Bible classes were formed for the year, a number

of girls who loved Miss McMillan and loved each other, requested that they might have her for their teacher. Never can we forget the lessons taught so sweetly on those Sabbath afternoons. Nor were we content to close the lessons when our time was spent, but following her whose example was before us, we learned daily lessons of love and charity, and, at her suggestion, marked the many passages to which we frequently referred, that we might, in after days, recall these Bible talks.

“Miss McMillan’s intense love for flowers was soon observed by her devoted followers, and her little sunless room was brightened and adorned by sweet floral tributes from those who appreciated her passion. All were eager that the dainty rosebud at her throat, the one ornament that she willingly wore, should never be found wanting.

“At times, in her own room, when the merry school-girl propensities could no longer be restrained by their unnatural bonds, a sprightly, jesting conversation with a few chosen friends, followed by a general romp, seemed to relieve her of care and to refresh her for coming duties.

“‘In the social hour,’ at eventide, when groups of lively girls were scattered about in chapel, hall

and library, she was always a centre of animation and happiness. Quietly seated about her, we listened to her stories and fancies with untiring pleasure. We loved to draw out her opinions upon all subjects which troubled our minds, for she expressed them in such a quaint and decided way that we were entertained and instructed, at the same time started upon new lines of thought. But more than all, we loved those frequent occasions when, in a kind of half reverie—half address—she would wander far out into the realms of the ‘spiritual’—so far, that we might not clearly follow her leading; yet always we retired from such interviews with the stirring of nobler thoughts and aspirations.


“When we parted at the holidays, she was cheerful and beautiful, and apparently in perfect health. After her return, however, new responsibilities and cares became hers, and under the burden, too severe for her sensitive nature to endure, her health gave way, and her sunny temperament, influenced by her physical condition, became morbid and distressed. Our anxious concern and earnest inquiries were answered by her own bright smile, and the plea that rest would soon conquer her cough, purely nervous in its nature. Though weak-

ened by sickness, and wearied by her arduous duties, regardless of her own longings for rest, she worked on to the end, always brave, always patient, always kind.

“As retiring president of its Alumni Association, it was her duty to read an address before that association at Pennsylvania College, June 19th, 1878. Glad of an excuse which promised release and rest, only a little sooner than it should otherwise come, she completed her literary duties at the seminary with eager haste, and went from among us at the earliest moment possible. A sweet hope of rest in her favorite retreat, with companionship of beloved friends, lured her from us with a promise to return in the time when we should again assemble for the opening year.”

Driftwood.

DRIFTWOOD.

FFIE wrote few letters of mere friendship or sentiment, but many with the hope of gaining some good thing for others than herself. She kept no diary either—that form of private record, in which morbid minds are wont to reveal their fancied workings. She preferred rather to look “outward” to the needs of other minds, and “upward” for the inspiration which comes from contemplation of the Great Source of all life and thought. Consequently there were few papers from which to gather a page which would reveal the peculiar mode of thought of her whose pen was so ready to serve another, or so slow

in what pertained to self. Just as they were gathered from a few chance letters, these brief extracts are presented:

“FAIR HAVEN, *July 2d. 1875.*

“DEAR L.: I think this summer has been one of the pleasantest in my existence. It has had its little trials, too, but yet they have brought their little lessons and warnings, thus showing their good. I am so glad I have but one more year at school; I think it would be impossible to leave my sister to fight her battles alone for another year.”

“*July 17th.*

“You know we must do right, ‘for right’s divine sake,’ and not for any credit we may get for doing it. Do not look at your own faults too much, but rather at the Perfect One, and strive to imitate His example more and more.”

“PENNSYLVANIA FEMALE COLLEGE,

“*November 4th. 1875.*

“The foregoing is pretty plain talk, is it not? But we need plain talk these days; and if it cuts, it is only a sign of its truthfulness. If it flies

back with equal force, what would you infer from Dr. Shephard's reasoning last winter? Write me a plain letter, too, please."

"January 4th, 1876.

"Does your heart fail you once in a while, when you stop to think of the many little things necessary to housekeeping, but not the proper things for your dear head, little woman? Remember, there is for you, in your universe, a bright star ahead, and I sincerely hope it may not be long before it burst on you in all its magnificent brilliancy. Keep good heart, little woman: take all your burdens to the great Burden-bearer, and all will be well."

"MOUNT PLEASANT, February 6th, 1877.

"I am having a good time from the fact that I am so busy. I have no time for play. It is all earnest work, and I think that is the best thing for me under the circumstances—I mean, with my peculiar disposition. I care little for the gayeties of life. I would rather feel that I was influencing some one for good by a quiet life. Socrates said, 'Our friends value us for the use they can make of us,' and I believe it. I would much rather be valued for my usefulness than for anything else."

"March 20th.

"How sadly we all fail in doing our duty in this life! Every day is a struggle—a failure—and yet in some sense a victory; but it is all the different strands twisted together that make up the thread of life.

"Better confide and be deceived.

A thousand times by traitorous foes,
Than once accuse the innocent,
Or let suspicion mar repose.

Then gently scan thy brother man,

Still gentlier, sister woman.

Though both may gang a kinnie wrang;
To step aside is human."

"MOUNT PLEASANT, June 6th, 1877.

"I have seen your friend at a distance, but never to speak to her. I know that remark sounds to you perfectly insipid; as though you cared whether I had seen her at a distance or close by. You are too much of that opinion in regard to many things. You take too little interest in the common things. You forget that these little things, which seem to you such nonsense, are the things that make up the whole lives of one class of

people; and in order to reach that class, we must sympathize with them, to some extent, in all their interests. Paul found it necessary to make himself 'all things to all men,' in order to accomplish his mission. Please think about this seriously."

"HOLLIDAYSBURG FEMALE SEMINARY,

"May 28th, 1878.

"I wish I could send you a message on the breezes to-day, instead of writing; but I cannot—so here is your message. I wonder if it is as beautiful down where you are as it is here? A moment since, while talking with one of the young ladies, who was expressing sorrow at having to bid farewell to a brother going South for his health, this thought came to me. Tell me what you think of it. We, of necessity, must do what is placed before us to do. We all have our likes and even loves, and want to gratify them to the utmost. We find, at all times, the satisfying of this want is not judicious. Now, the question is, would it not be better to do only that which is judicious? I imagine what a part of your reply will be. I have been learning some valuable lessons this school year. One of them is, that I must watch more

carefully that little member which a good man once called 'murny.' Another is a sad one—that they who can be trusted are few and far between. The latter was a much needed lesson with me. I thought all who were pleasant, and seemed to be true from their sayings, might be trusted. That has all been dispelled. I grant that just now I feel hardened toward all humanity, and am ready to suspect: but I recognize this as an evil, and am trying to overcome it."

"March 18th.

"Again, the old question, 'Is there any life which is not hard?' Also, 'Is there any pathway down here which has not roses and sunshine scattered along, if we will only think so?' You ask me for my idea of life. A very short definition would be, to obey the Golden Rule. I think, if one will do with all his might what he has to do in this world, accepting what may come as all right and good, he will have fulfilled his mission. I think it is the bounden duty of every one, to do all the good possible in this world, no matter with what sacrifice to himself. Then the rest may be covered by the two great words of the New Testament—Love and Charity."

"April 2d.

"I like your idea of making obstacles that appear in the pathway of life, to aid us in working out its great problems. I had not thought of it so before. This life is a constant warfare with ourselves, and, of course, the greater the obstacles overcome, the greater the succeeding joy—'To him that overcometh will I give a crown of life.'"

"February 19th.

"I do not know what I think. Whether sin committed in ignorance is sin or no, leads me out into such a mazy, hazy region of calm unknown, that I am afraid ever to venture there, for fear I will not be able to get on to *terra firma* again. I think there are some things in this world (of course, things that we do not understand) that we had better trust to an All-wise God to take care of. And yet, if we make no effort to understand, what then? If we make an effort, and by so doing lose what we have, what then?"

"January 23d.

"I am very much obliged for both the paper and book. I had read the sermon in the latter, on 'Theatres,' before the receipt of your note, but had

concluded, from subjects and appearances, that the others might remain untouched till I could read them and give them some time. However, the view of theatre-going I rather like. I entirely agree with the author in this—that we are apt to accept things as traditions from the elders, and to stand off from them with dread, not knowing what we fear; while it is our duty to march boldly up to the popular society evils of the day, and find out what is bad and what good in them. Half the people who denounce theatres, card playing, dancing, billiards, etc., know nothing of what these things are, but because they have been told they are wicked, that is all-sufficient to settle what is their Christian duty.”

“May 7th.

“Only six weeks to-morrow till our regular school-work for this year ends. I am sorry the work will be done, but not sorry to get away. I do not think it good for people to stay too long in one place. I know Ruskin regards that as a fearful weakness. I am sorry it abounds so largely in my make up. Yet, if I should return to this place in the fall, I will be just as glad to return. All I want now is a change for a little.”

"May 27th.

"This afternoon, delicious balmy breezes are fanning us on all sides, and beautiful, little fleecy clouds in the sky cast their shadows in such a way as to carry one into the land of dreams. Do you not think there is something intoxicating in the spring and fall months? I mean something that causes the hands to lie idly in the lap, and phantoms of beautiful things to flit across the brain. I have been learning one or two of life's lessons in the last few weeks. Oh, what a teacher experience is! Our lessons are put before us in a way that almost seems cruel—and it may be, hardens us; but Time shows us things differently, and we wonder at our former feelings. I have always trusted people too entirely, forgetting that they might say one thing and do another. It is hard either to have to say or think that we cannot trust our fellow-men. I am much afraid that just now I am inclined to be very harsh and severe on every one. I think at times I hardly have charity for the common weaknesses of humanity. Now it will be a struggle to overcome this. Oh, for a power to guard the tongue in a boarding school, or anywhere else for that matter.

"I read a chapter yesterday in 'Words, their Use and Abuse.' It was on 'Morality of Words.' I enjoyed the whole chapter very much. I do not know whether I altogether agree with the idea that 'a man's language is a part of his character; that the words he uses are an index to his mind and heart.' I think we more frequently than reveal, conceal what is in our hearts, by the words we use. I think it is a life-study with most people to make their words express just the opposite of what they feel. I agree with him, however, that it is in the idioms of a people that its distinctive genius is most strikingly seen. Now do you think I am inconsistent? I believe genius expresses itself in plain terms, but genius is not confined to the heart. So that the usual words used by a class may determine the bent of that class, but it is the words of a single individual that my former words were of.

"I think Mathews always ends his chapters beautifully. He seems to reserve his best expressions till the last, and then to group them all at the end.

→*ADDRESS*←

READ BEFORE THE

Alumni of Pennsylvania College,

JUNE 19TH, 1878.

FRIENDS: For your kindness in trusting to me this office during the year just past, I now, as I leave it, thank you most heartily. We are scattered far and wide, and it is only in our annual meetings of this kind, that we have a common sympathy. Yet to all, the strange and known alike, I would tender my thanks, and wish my successor the same kind welcome I received on coming to this chair. Pardon me, if I say a few words aside from the formal address.

John Tyndall says, "existence is a great keyboard, with black and white keys, and it is ours to study this keyboard." John Tyndall looks through the narrow medium of one science—Philosophy. Let

us take this same figure and view it through that broader medium which embraces all sciences. Existence is a keyboard placed before us, from which we are to bring forth the great symphony of life. Some of us have only a few notes at our command, but these few, if used well, may send music through the ages, carrying comfort to many a sad heart. Others have nearly the whole keyboard. One note is struck here, and another there. One moment, the deep bass notes send forth their sounds; at another, the high treble notes. Now they are mingled together. By striking one note at a time, sound alone is produced. Using them together, they form a harmony. Ah! how like life. Now clouds cover the sky, and the deep, dark troubles of life surround us. Almost lost in this sea of darkness, we notice not the small rift in the clouds yonder. Suddenly we are surrounded by the glorious sunshine, and light treble notes of pleasure greet us. We wonder, in our sudden joy, at the despondency just past. But, lo! in time, we see our joy must be as brief as our sorrow. In childhood, we have the notes mingled in quick succession. A little trouble, probably imaginary, the next moment a joy. As years go on, we realize

the bass notes to be prolonging their sounds, as they teach the deep truths of life; and joys, too, which follow, are of longer duration.

Time goes on thus till the finale comes; then we realize, in its fullest extent, the glory of this great symphony of life. We see how the deep notes of life trials and the treble notes of life pleasures have been mingled together to form one beautiful harmony. While either the one or the other was sounding, we saw not the beauty. Now, when we hear them mingled, the grandeur shines forth. Permit me here to quote some sentences from one whom, in the last three years, we have learned to love:

“Standing on the threshold of life, what more ennobling thought can I suggest as the theme of your devotion, than the beautiful prayer of the sweet Psalmist, which you have often sung:

“O God of grace,
Henceforth to Thee,
My life shall be
A hymn of praise.”

Let the soul, purified by the power of atoning blood, and attuned to the praise of divine grace, be

brought to feel the bliss of true devotion, and then it shall become the orchestra of the Divine Spirit, where all the faculties and affections of the soul shall unite in the chorus of 'Holiness to the Lord.'"

Our duty, then, as individuals, plainly, is to make the life such that, in the end, the symphony may go up as one grand hymn of praise to Him who has given us opportunity to make our lives grand, if we will. We know there is no perfection here, but some of us possess capabilities to overcome all obstacles so much better than others. If one strike a wrong key, it is our work to show him his mistake, and lead him to the right again. Ah! that is one of the secrets of life. By helping others, we learn ourselves. This world is beautiful, if we will only see it so. Flowers and sunshine are all around. If the clouds surround you, the sun is shining for some one else, and why not try to get near enough to this sunshine to feel its warm rays, and then the coldness of our own hearts will be dispelled. Gather these flowers by the way-side. If they are too many for you, it will not be hard to find some one who has not been so blessed, and who will bless you for your gift.

To you, my young friends, I would extend a word of welcome before closing. We know not how long we may be a band, but so long as you remain with us, be assured of our hearty friendship, and it will attend you wherever you are. We know you go forth with kindest remembrances of your Alma Mater, and those who have helped you while here to be able to discern better between the rough and smooth places on life's road. Pay good heed to what they have said. If not now, you will some day realize that they have been over the road before you, and know the way the best. Our motto I ask you to remember—" *via trita, via tuta.*" Again we welcome you, and wish you good cheer, both here and far away.


May this College long prosper, and be a blessing to all who come within its walls, is my most heartfelt wish, and no doubt it is but an echo of what is in the hearts of all of you.

Recalmed.

BE CALMED.

“A WOMAN, tall and as fresh as a lily which has just sprung out of the wave. She is at once passionate and innocent, strong and delicate. Her manners grow on her like leaves upon a tree. They are beautiful, and they are her own. Her smiles and her frowns, her laughter and her tears, have all long roots. They live down in the depth of her heart. She is tender, yet she can resist unto death. Night and morning meet in her hair and in her eyes: you would never know, till you had listened to her, how many tones a sweet voice can possess, yet be always sweet. She is simple but proud; and, while you would confidently demand of her any charitable service, you would never venture to touch her hand unless she first offered it to you. Neither would she offer it lightly. She does not assume to be intellectual, yet her clear

thought would find and select truth amid a cloud of surrounding errors. A perfect woman, in short, who knows that the ideal of the Creator must be fairer than the ideal of fashion, and that she cannot gain by imitating any artificial perfection."

 RUE of her were the words, as if Effie herself had sat for the picture. She seemed so wonderfully prepared to live, and if "the gate that leads out of this life be but the gate that leads up to the real and true, for which immortal spirits are created," then was she wonderfully prepared for a better life than this.

Low ran the tide of life; but hope and pleasure quickened its flow. When joined by her sister, they proceeded to the home in Allegheny, which open doors and hearts had made a place of refuge for each—a meeting place and a place of rest in the late years. There was much to be done—friends to be looked after, writing and planning with refer-

ence to the future. The days were of intense heat, but Effie plead not this excuse, and her feet dragged wearily as she persistently went from day to day, under the sun's scorching rays, on what she deemed her errands of duty. Nature at length enforced her claims. Up through the lips the red tide forced itself—once—twice—thrice—ten times, then ebbcd, and the physical prostration which followed was utter and complete.

Friends from a distance were summoned by telegraph, and the sick one lay so white and listless, so regardless of her surroundings, that she seemed very far from earth and very near the spirit land.

Three weeks passed, and she had regained feebly her hold upon life. During these weeks, all things spoke a beautiful language to the invalid's heart. The flowers, which she so loved, were brought daily to her bedside; choicest china brightened the tray

which carried her dainty meals; books, letters, kind remembrances from friends, brought to her daily evidence of love and thought—a reminder of that greater love which brings to earth “peace, good-will to men.”

Another week, and Effie sat a while in her chair each day, at length assumed her clothing, with all its nicety of detail, and again appeared below. Her return to the ways of life was like the breaking forth of the sun after a terrible storm, and it seemed that the storm had carried from her every weight and depression—so happy and light of heart she seemed. Yet with what jealous care we watched her every step, lest she should overreach her small stock of strength.

In another week, it was deemed safe to remove her to the home of a friend high up on the Allegheny hills, free from the noise and dust of the city. Here, too, she found that loving, thoughtful care, so grateful to the helpless. Her strength did

not increase, however, and she had frequent attacks of extreme suffering.

The lovely autumn came. She sat sometimes on the piazza in the soft sunlight, or in the little parlor, where the firelight gleamed and glistened, instead of the sunshine. Her weak voice took its part in the evening song, while her fingers played a soft accompaniment. Her cheerful words and story had their place in the daily converse of her sprightly friends.

The sky grew heavy with the autumn mists, the leaves ripened and fell, yet in the invalid we saw no evidence of change for the better from day to day; she grew restless, longing, as she did, through the uncertain days, for activity and progress. The effect of change was tried in a few days' sojourn with a school-friend and class-mate living at the East End. The change availed not—a slight cold, taken unavoidably, added strength to the wearing cough,

and fuel to the slow fever which burned within. Sad news came, too, to the young ladies of the house: beautiful Mary Brown, a classmate, gifted, brilliant, whose life had been one bright holiday, after a short week's illness, had gone to her long home. They might not keep the fact from Effie, so they told her gently, and the words went to her heart like a barbed arrow. "Mary dead! Her to whom length of life had seemed so sure. Why not Effie? Why should she linger through months, perhaps years, of uncertainty?"

We carried her back to the home on the hill, and soon after to pleasant quarters in the city below, where she should be ready of access to friends and physician through the trying winter months now approaching. For some time after her removal, she was wont to go down to one meal daily, that the sight of pleasant faces, and that the variety thus afforded, might help to cheer

her; but the feeble limbs refused longer to carry her weight up the stairway, and her world, thus narrowed to the outlook of two east windows, promised little for the invalidism now inevitable. There remained but one hope:

The genial climate of Western Texas, making life in the open air there a possibility and a delight, had brought to many wan health seekers in the past, healing and restoration. It was deemed possible that its pure, dry air and warm sunshine might also act as a restorer in the present case; and so, after careful consultation of physicians and friends, it was decided that the feeble Effie should be carried to San Antonio. No wonder that hope rekindled in her eye, and determination again assumed sway in the discouraged heart.

The twenty-fifth day of November, her twenty-second birthday, was to our Effie a day of high expectation. During the day a

number of beautiful remembrances, from friends who had not forgotten the anniversary, made her heart glad. In the evening there came a box of pure white rosebuds. With trembling fingers, she arranged them in tiny bouquets, and sent one to each lady in the household, as a farewell token, requesting that there should be no formal adieus. During that last evening in Allegheny, her eyes grew brilliant and her cheeks flushed as, with an animation unknown for weeks, she chatted its hours away.

It passed, and we—three in number—were started on the long way to the southland. The invalid slept that night, the quiet, almost death-like sleep coming of beautiful hope, mingled with utter physical exhaustion. While it was yet dark, at Columbus, Ohio, whither, being apprised of her coming, he had repaired, the father of her childhood boarded the train with eager haste, that he might once more look into the face of a

loved child, the promise of whose future had been to him as the bow in the cloud. A few hurried moments, in which to hold the fevered hands, press the sweet lips, and breathe the fervent blessing, were all the brief stoppage of the train permitted, and with heart and eyes overflowing, the kind old man left the car.

A weary day's ride found us, at its close, in the midst of darkness and rain, at St. Louis; but kind friends were in waiting, with every comfort for the sick one. Borne in strong arms to the carriage, she knew nothing of the storm till safely housed amid light, and warmth, and pleasant faces. A night's rest brought fresh hope, and visions of the promised land. Morning started us afresh on the Iron Mountain Railroad. Travel in a palace car, with pleasant company and ready attendants, is scarcely less comfortable than resting in one's quiet drawing room at home; yet riding hours

and days through a country stretching away into unending miles of dreariness and sameness, the end seemed afar. But the grateful green of the pines as they appeared—at first as a low undergrowth, then as tall, continuous forests—gave a pleasant greeting to our weary eyes, and their sweet breath, wafted through the open windows, whispered of nearing spring-time. Glad were we then, when, on the evening of the fourth day, Texas was announced.

Some time before this pleasant announcement, one of our number had stated to a friend, who had been of the party from St. Louis, that her niece would prefer a rosebud to a new silk dress. With ready politeness, he declared her preference should be gratified the moment we crossed the border. At Texarkana, where three States meet—the car awaiting transfer to another road—he disappeared, returning soon, laden with fragrant treasures—rosebuds, on whose petals

the night dew lay yet fresh and sparkling; violets—spring violets in November—pure white buds there were, creamy yellow, orange tinted, dainty sea-shell pink, buds with sunset hues, and crimson in different degrees of depth—such hues as northern sunlight never painted, and northern eyes never looked upon before.

What happiness the sweet flowers brought with them! The sick girl held them long in her lap, as she lay on her pillowed couch. She thrust her slender finger tips into their hearts, to find what new depths of color and fragrance might lie there hidden. She counted them over and over, guarding each with jealous care. Finally the miscellaneous glasses of the lunch basket were called into requisition, to keep fresh and beautiful these fair buds, and their beauty called many smiles of pleasure to the weary faces of fellow-travelers.

Another day, through stretches of pine, through country wild and primitive, few traces of inhabitants save at the strange-looking villages, and the evening brought to view Houston, our resting place for the night. Morning dawned brightly, and brought with it to the hotel our friend in need of the previous evening, a tall Englishman, who came with his offering of beautiful flowers, plucked fresh from his own garden, for the invalid.

Houston, with its low, white houses, embowered in trees and gorgeous flower gardens, formed a pretty passing picture, as we drove through its streets and were once more started on the Sun-Set Route. It was the last change. Only two hundred miles to the end—to our waiting hearts a land of rest and promise. Soon the great, glorious plains of Texas were spread out to our view. No fences or trace of man's small

handiwork marred the scene. Immense herds of wild cattle grazed here and there. Clumps of the live oak, with its vivid green, relieved the vast expanse. Far beyond, dark forests outlined against the sky, which, to unaccustomed eyes, seemed immeasurably removed.


Every mile of the day's journey had been enjoyed by the sick girl. The bearded trees were a novel sight. At one point, a quantity of the trailing moss was dislodged and passed through the open car window, where, with ready fingers, it was draped and festooned. Night approaching, the drawing room car was lighted, and made to appear like a pleasant sitting room, its occupants drawn together by the incidents of the past day.

At length the journey was accomplished, and with our weary invalid, we rested in the quaint old Spanish town of San Antonio.

Anchored.

ANCHORED.

‘A tone like the dream of a song we once heard,
And she whispered, ‘This way is not Heaven’s.
For the river that runs by the realms of the blest
Has no song on its ripple, no star on its breast;
Oh! That river is nothing like this,
For it glides on in shadow beyond the world’s west,
Till it breaks into beauty and bliss.’”

 NEW world! A new spring-time!
Air which it was a delight to
breathe, and skies of intensest blue,
undimmed by smoke or cloud. The sun
does not “set” in San Antonio. It “goes
down” like a flash, omitting the soft, gray
gloaming of our northern twilight, and
leaving you to wonder—while from the
great bank of light—purple, and golden,

and pink—encircling the horizon, there ascends a faint rosy mist, spreading itself like a filmy vail over all the blue concave. Then—

“Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of
Heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of
the angels,”—

and you are enraptured with the southern sky in its star-lit glory.

Change is a wonderful renewer of mental and physical powers. It throws the mind into new elements, causing it to forget its accustomed broodings. The eye is filled with new sights, the ear with new sounds, and the attention follows new lines of thought suggested by the same.

The ancient town offered all these to the young stranger. She was revived—walked feebly out into the yard to breathe in the healing air—was driven out to the park,

and to the beautiful private grounds where spring the headwaters of the river San Antonio. How bright were her eyes, how quaint her spoken fancies, and how full of promise the many plans she made for the time when she should be better and return to the northland. It seemed that she might yet tread firmly the highway of life, and busy her waiting hands and brain with its noble duties.

They tell us humanity is depraved. In the light of the sacred declaration, and from its own frequent developments, we are compelled so to believe. But in the light of experience, we cling to the belief that, in the heart of mankind, there lingers a latent germ of the divine nature which was his in Paradise. We were strangers in a distant city. There were those in the house from all parts, in search of pleasure, health or profit. There was no tie drawing them to the newly arrived, save that

of a common humanity. But looking into the pale face and soul-lit eyes of the young stranger, and listening to her words, their hearts were won. And through all the weary days of our sojourn, we found them ever the same. With willing feet and ready hands, they awaited. Words of cheer were on their lips. We shall love to remember those gentle, loving women, and brave, tender-hearted men. They shall be clothed with a mantle of ideal beauty and perfection, and, with remembrance, will come the thought of a divine nature, underlying the human, which shall cause us to think better of our kind.

Dear Effie's love for the sweet flowers was soon understood, and her room was thenceforth fragrant with the breath of the violets, first messengers of spring.

On the day preceding Christmas, she was driven out for the last time over the smooth, open prairie, where she found such delight

in gazing into the sky and over the plain. No landmark, no trace of habitation broke the wide stretch of country gently rising to meet the great concave above, and the view seemed to bring to her weary mind a sense of freedom, and rest, and infinity.

They had told her—these new friends—of a time when the land should wear a carpet of flowers, the air be laden with rich perfume, the city a wilderness of roses—fair as a garden of the Lord. And now their promises began to be realized—but the invalid was unable to leave her couch. Her eyes thus never looked upon the glorious spring-time out in nature, but each morning brought to her room sweet offerings from the outside world. The first pale peach blossoms bloomed in her window, and flowers were everywhere, that the eyes of the sick girl might rest upon them. But the roses bloomed not yet. Twice we wheeled her light bed through the open doors, out upon

the wide, sunny gallery; but she saw only the springing grass and the weeping willows, first of the trees to assume the tender green. Her eyes beheld the green of the willows—the emblem was fitting. They saw not the bloom of the roses, which said to other eyes, “In the fair garden above, blooms the transplanted earth-flower, never more to fade.”

We need not repeat the old, old story. Sooner or later, the furnace of life burns out, so there remains naught now but to endure and to wait. As waned the earthly, robbed of all its interest, stronger grew the spirit life and light within. Not a request—not a word for self—but a request, by sign, that her daily offering of flowers might be bestowed upon her attendants—a whispered word for the comfort of each one of those surrounding her. A loving voice inquired, “Do you want anything now, dearie?” The eyes quickly turned upward,

and the uplifted finger pointed above. Then the hands were gently folded—the sun went down—and the spirit of Effie McMillan had returned to God who gave it.

* * * * *

Very bright and beautiful was the great, quiet room in which remained the body of our Effie for one short week. The ministry of loving hands did not cease with the closing scene. Removing all that could suggest the late reign of disease and suffering, they hung upon the walls bright pictures, in addition to those already hanging; these they draped with soft, gray trailing moss, while windows and doorways were curtained with lace hangings. A few easy chairs sat invitingly about, and many small tables and stands stood as flower receptacles. No dark vail obscured the brightness of the mirrors. Little Major, the pretty canary, in his gilded cage, hung in his accustomed window—and the place blossomed with roses

and sweet flowers, as though a southern garden, in all its luxuriance, had been transplanted from gay sunshine without to shadowing walls within. Thus Effie would have had it, had she taken thought. Sweet and beautiful, suggesting life and happiness—not death and desolation.

There, in her closed casket, with its crystal lid, we came many times a day and looked upon the still face within, with smile of life upon it,—

“Hushed were her lips in death! but still their pure
And beautiful expression seem’d to melt
With love that could not die!”—

and there seemed to rest upon the house a quiet spell that held its inmates very near, for a time, to the better world.

On Wednesday, in this upper room, the friends who had known our Effie were assembled. In life, she had often been

visited by two faithful servants of one common Master, one Presbyterian, the other Episcopal, in faith. For her the service of prayer and consolation were ended, but there was yet a lesson and a prayer for the living. The lesson was ably set forth—the petitions uttered—sweet hymns chanted—and all retired to their homes.

In days gone by, while Effie held her place among the living, and her young heart was full of hope, there had been bestowed upon her the deeply mature affection of one worthy and noble, and on the marble finger of the dead girl lay, loosely, a glittering circlet, placed there by his own hand, the symbol of their plighted faith.

On Friday night he came, after four weary days and nights of travel, to find, at the end, that the spirit of the loved one had already winged its way to the “beautiful land.” Briefly the last days were recounted to him, and at midnight his


heavy steps were guided to the sacred chamber; unlocking the door, the light shone from within—he entered—they closed the door, and left him with his dead.

Beyond the Tide.

BEYOND THE TIDE.

"Ah, what a gap is made in the world by the death of those we love! It is no longer whole, but a poor half world, that swings uneasy on its axis, and makes you dizzy with the clatter of your wreck!"—*Ik. Marvel.*

"As a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face."—*Longfellow.*

HE morning of March 4th rose on San Antonio fair, cloudless, beautiful, and balmy as a day in early June. For the bright spirit Effie, there was no longer need that we should take thought; but it seemed fitting that the dear body

should have its resting place in far-off Pittsburgh. There, happy and homelike, had been the associations of her later years. Back over the long, weary road, to the places once so familiar to her feet—to the home in which she had found friends so tender and true—into the corner of the quiet parlor, where, from among her pillows, but a few months since, she had listened to the kind words and cheering voices of her friends—to this place they carried her. During the Sabbath and Monday which intervened, friends, tried and true, came and looked, not upon Effie, but upon a pale shadow, cold and still, nestled among soft draperies. Service and interment, previously announced as private, occurred on Monday, March 11th.

A psalm, an invocation, a touching retrospect, an appeal—then they carried that which had been Effie to its resting place in the beautiful Allegheny Cemetery. As

if mindful of the woe of human hearts, and of the summer land from which had but just returned the living with the dead, bleak March abated, for a time, his severity, and on this day the sun shone out in brightness and beauty, and it was a rare day in the calendar.

In hours of deepest sadness, Nature sometimes gives greeting—even sympathy. Sometimes she comes to us as the voice of God himself, speaking to us in tones unmistakable. The casket had been carefully placed within. At the door of the vault stood the minister. In clear, distinct tones, he uttered the words of the last prayer. Each sentence was perfect in itself, and each ended with a word of power, “Christ—Redeemed—Rest—Life Immortal.” And back from the walls within came the echo, in tones as clear and distinct, “Christ—Redeemed—Rest—Life Immortal.” To those who heard, it seemed an assurance sent

back from the shores of Heaven—the voice of the Master, in audible response to the voice of his servant, saying, “It is well.”

Thus, “In the Morning of Life,” to peaceful rest they consigned the body of Effie McMillan, whilst upon her spirit, disenthralled, already dawned the morning of the Life Immortal.

Flowers from the Wayside.

FLOWERS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

THERE seems to exist, deep down beneath the ordinary current of life, a “telegraphic system of the universe,” by which hearts, widely apart in point of space, converse with each other in their joys and griefs. This to the annihilation of time and space, and after a while follow the written words, assuring of that which has been already felt and fully understood.

A sweet young life is breathed out in San Antonio—expectant friends, in places hundreds of miles removed, have felt the fact, but they await its announcement—then fall the tear-drops, and written words carry

back the true heart language. In her pure, sweet Friend's dialect, breathes such a heart through the following pages :

“ XENIA, *February 26th, 1879.*

“ This day comes the sad intelligence of our dear Effie's death—how hard to realize! I can not do so. O, how I wish—I could speak some word that would lighten this heavy stroke on thy breaking heart, but I know it is a vain wish. How sensibly I feel that human language is but an empty sound in such cases—it is only the whisperings of the sweet and Holy Spirit that can bring solace, and heal or soothe the wound.

“ My dear child, God only knows how my heart bleeds for thee, and how I yearn to fold thee to my heart. Words utterly fail to express my sympathy, and we feel so anxious about thy health—and thee so far away.

“ Has thee thought strange of me that I did not write? I was afraid to, lest dear Effie might be called on to read my letters: for I could not write hopefully about her, and would not have her see other than hopeful words, lest it might harm her. Dear girl! I see her so plainly, as she

stood in her youth and beauty, with her hand in mine, previous to her going East. So many times have I wished that I could have been permitted to minister to her, for well I know she was, to the last, lovely in all she did and said, and I have no doubt that her sweet spirit is amid perpetual joys in her home prepared by her Lord. O, blissful thought! No sorrow, no tears, no cold repulses, no stinging words—all of love and joy is hers, and how fitting it seems that the beautiful casket that held this lovely and priceless gem should rest amid the flowers of the South.

“Now, dear friend, I am anxious to hear from thee, both on account of dear Effie’s sickness and of thy own health, and be assured that all that pertains to thee will greatly interest us. It is almost needless for me to say that our hearts and homes are open to receive thee with the old love. When thee is able, and feels thee can, write to me. May God take thee into His great and mighty arms of love, and shield thee from the rude blasts of this world, is the earnest prayer of

“Thy loving friend,

“V. H.”

Though detained far away by imperative duty, thus earnestly writes one so faithful and true to the last:

“LAPORTE. *February 26th, 1879.*

“I know that she has been taken home, and you are left behind—yet not alone or comfortless. The darling child! I could not bear to write as though I knew she must soon go hence, and yet I knew it full well—but O, not *so soon!* How long-suffering and uncomplaining she was! Our great comfort is, we did all we could, if not all we wished. I wish you would ask somebody to write to me—somebody that saw all—knew all. Did she say a word toward the last for me? Any love? She could not know how hard I tried to serve her—gratify her in every thing. It is all over now.

“L. W. M.”

From the Pacific coast words of pleasant retrospection tell of days ago. Words of hope speak to those for whom death is not a terror, but a passing out from darkness into light:

“SAN FRANCISCO, *March 11th, 1879.*

“The sad news reached us on Saturday, that your fears were soon realized, and that, on the evening of the day your last letter was written, our dear Effie went home from the midst of loving friends. I felt almost glad to find, by the Xenia papers, that you would remain, for a little time at least, among those to whom you must be tenderly attached, and to whom the last months of Effie's life are so real. I was trying to recall, this morning, what I could of dear Effie's life. She was a little baby when I saw her first. I remember very well the day she was baptized. When I had been away from Xenia for a long time and returned, after her pa, she was the first to meet me, and while I was at Mr. McMillan's, she was almost constantly my companion. I used to think that she felt that I was lonely and homesick, and she tried all she could to make me happy. Of course, since then, I have seen her many times, but only the last can I recall vividly—when she was attending school at Mount Auburn. I remember just where she sat, and how she looked. I think this was the last time. Lately, I have seen her through

you. I would like so much to have seen the woman Effie.

“What a glorious hope ours is! Our friends never die to us. The very worst that Death can do, to those whom Christ claims, is to make them free and introduce them into glory. And for us who are left behind, another sting is taken from death, and another joy is added to Heaven. It is but a little while. May God give us grace to live it to His honor and glory. L. W.”

Yet again the heart of a true friend repeats the praises of the one so earnestly beloved:

“February 27th.

“I shall always remember how she planned and planned to do nice things for you. She seemed always to be thinking of you the summer she was with me. Always loving—always patient—always kind. Everybody that comes in, my dear old father tells about her—how healthy she was—how lovely and beautiful she was, when he and ma saw her at our house in Mount Pleasant. I do believe Effie was universally beloved. She was ever thought-

ful, kind, and good to me—better to me than I can ever tell, with her tender, affectionate sympathy.

“L. W. M.”

Only those who have known deep sorrow can confidently approach a wounded spirit, speaking to it acceptable words. But one who speaks from the heart's depths finds ready admittance:

“CHERRY FORK, *March, 1879.*

“The same hand which beckoned to Effie to come up higher, the same loving arms which bore her from earth to Heaven, are extended to all His children. Ah, we know so little of God's ways, we fail to comprehend why one so young, beautiful and useful, should be suddenly snatched away, just as she was entering upon an ennobling career. But our Father understands it thoroughly. She was His own, and He saw fit to transplant the immortal flower which had just opened to that ‘blessed land’ where it is ‘one bright summer always.’

“I wish that I could have known her after she arrived at womanhood. Fragrant is the memory of

her childhood days to me. I came across a little token of sympathy among some old letters this week, which she sent me upon hearing of our dear S.'s death. It is very sweet. I shall preserve it.

"M. E. R."

Grateful is the remembrance that contains a record so bright as that of the following words:

"CLIFTON, *March 10th, 1879.*"

"My grief is, that I am never to see our precious Effie again in the flesh. I cannot remember *one thing* Effie ever did that was not true and noble. I can say *this* of few others.

"L. W. M."

The friend between whom and herself existed the strongest attachment, thus briefly recounts her early schooldays:

"CINCINNATI, *June, 1879.*"

"I have just returned home, after a brief absence from the city: and find your letter, to which I hasten to reply. I was greatly pained when I

learned of the death of your dear sister Effie, for, during the year's intimate acquaintance of school life which I enjoyed with her at the Mount Auburn Institute, I had formed a high estimate of her as a scholar, as a lady, and as a Christian.

"She was faithful and successful in the discharge of every school duty, and her example and influence upon the other scholars was very marked. Her lady-like deportment endeared her to every one, and she seemed always actuated by Christian principles in the conduct of her daily life.

"Though it was not my good fortune to hear from her during her last illness, I feel sure that her trust in her Heavenly Father and her love for His Word, must have given her every support and happiness, they are so calculated to afford the Christian.

"Her love and thoughtfulness for you was a strong characteristic of Effie's daily life. I cannot doubt she will ever be a ministering spirit while she is waiting and watching for your coming to the Heavenly home.

"Yours, very sincerely,

"H. THANE MILLER.

"MOUNT AUBURN, CINCINNATI, O."

Flowers from Memory.

FLOWERS FROM MEMORY.

BEAUTIFUL to us and sacred, are the loving tributes of friends to the memory of our departed ones, whilst that memory yet absorbs the entire mental being. Such are those which follow:

“I have, for weeks, been wishing to write to you, and to send you words of sympathy. I felt that no words could be of much value to you, but yet I have wished to relieve a part of my own sorrow, by giving it some expression. Until now I had not learned in what city or town you are making your temporary home. The word ‘home’ must seem emptied of meaning since the departure of Effie from all these earthly places, where friends meet and flowers grow. With my sorrow in reading your deeply touching letter, came a feeling of gladness that the friendship cherished by so many for your loved sister, is to be expressed in a little volume. There are flowers

enough for a rich bouquet. Effie swayed a sceptre of friendship, and, for so young a girl, ruled quite an empire. What a peaceful and beautiful government it was! I shall await with impatience this little private memoir, for I shall be glad to find others expressing my own feelings—singing a song, all the notes of which are, to me, so sweet and familiar. Effie first came adown my path when we were both enjoying a vacation, and were spending a few weeks where the external world was rich as the tropics, and where our hours were idle as to the toils of the year, and were busy only in the study of wood, and field, and sky, and the beautiful in humanity. Her heart was abounding in youth and its romance, and poured forth a poetry of which we toil-worn men knew little; and her gladness and youth fell upon the heavier soul like a music that had been once loved but forgotten. At her touch, the old woods all blossomed.

“In that, my only summer near her, she was nearing the end of her schooldays, and was fearful lest, once away from her masters, she might cast aside all study, and become satisfied with having touched her lips to a spring, to drink deeply of which is the only good, and which deep drinking

asks for a lifetime. I attempted to teach her that she must join together the words 'study' and 'forever;' that even immortality itself were a continuation of a high industry. I advised her always to be in love with some poem, or essay, or volume, and to distrust those days when she could not feel the longings of such a passion. We must be always in love with some book or work.

"In those days, she committed to memory some fugitive poems which seemed to me to possess the marks of greatness, and one of them, 'Times Go by Turns,' she often recited to me, as a kind of matin or vesper, in the woods—the first temples of God. She memorized also, a part of Coleridge's 'Hymn in Chamouni.'

"And have all that youth and beauty passed away from earth, and from us all? Can we never meet her in any city, or in any summer time? Did that girl gasp and die, and must those who loved her, only weep?

"A thoughtful and delicately-strung writer said, years ago, that immortality is not to be inferred from the nature of man at large, but from the quality of those highest souls that pass into the tomb. Oblivion, annihilation, might be a possible

fate of some; but when the noble ones die, those who have mental and moral beauty, then the second world can no longer conceal itself; the immense worth passing from these shores, seems to compel the shores of Heaven to disclose their reality, and to fling open their pearly gates. It is the hurrying away from us of the young, of our little children, of our gifted sisters, of the beautiful, and the great, and the mighty, that makes immortality such a powerful necessity. Over a fallen sparrow or a faded leaf, we may say 'This is dust;' but over the silent Effie, we must look up to God and say, 'This is life.' The beautiful, the young, the gifted, the loved, are called away to help frame the argument which leads mankind to God. We part with Effie to let her be a sacrifice on the altar to take away our unbelief. Through such sacred offerings, our hearts are lifted up, and we see more clearly the eternal hills.

"Be patient, and resigned—many friends are around you, and God is nearer and better than all we mortals, be our hearts ever so tender.

"Ever your friend,

"DAVID SWING.

"CHICAGO, June, 1879."

Another, from the standpoint of daily association, writes:

“Some of those good angels that used to attend your dear Effie while she was here on earth, must have put it into your heart to ask a few of her friends to write you briefly some of their impressions of her character, that you might have them to keep for yourself and for her dearest friends, now that she is gone. As flowers perfume the night when day is over, so may sweet memories come to you from the dear girl’s tomb.

“It was a short school year that she spent at our house in Mount Pleasant. I imagine she was never happier anywhere than there—and she certainly made the best of impressions on the minds and hearts of a most interesting class of girls in that place—impressions which, I believe, will continue through their lives, and be more blessed to them in consequence of their teacher, whom they so fondly loved, being so soon taken away. I was especially impressed with this fact—that while her influence for good was always positive and marked in school, and out of school, and everywhere, she

seemed unconscions that she was capable of winning hearts to herself, and moulding, with her plastic touch, the minds and lives of those who were providentially committed to her care. The young people who went to Miss Effie's school in Mount Pleasant, will never let her memory die while they live.

"I shall always think pleasantly of her as a welcome guest in my family. Some have entertained angels unawares. Doubtless, so did we while Effie dwelt with us. Those beautiful and always suggestive bouquets, which she made with rare taste for my pulpit, every Saturday evening, were helpful to me and my people every Lord's day—always varying, as they did, with the seasons and occasions that prompted her to arrange them. The prophesy of the last one she made, and put so appropriately in its place, was probably not fully understood by any of us at the time, maybe not by herself, when she gathered, in the harvest-field, the stocks of ripening wheat and bound them artistically into a sheaf to preach, as it did, like a sermon, with forcible eloquence, from the pulpit, on that last Sabbath she worshiped with us in our sanctuary. Sooner than any of her friends upon earth could have wished, Effie herself was gathered,

like ripe wheat, and borne away by angel reapers, for safe keeping in the Heavenly granary of Jesus' preparing.

"If it be true that no one ever errs who sacrifices self for the good of others, she did not err therein. Her young, lovely life, as I saw it, was one of self-sacrifice. Her work on earth is done—and well done. She died early—but not prematurely. I do not praise her, but I would praise the Grace of God in her.

"Very truly, and with truest sympathy,

"Yours,

"JOHN McMILLAN.

"1623 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

"June 18th, 1879."

Yet another—a friend from childhood, and in whose home were spent the hours of her serious illness before her flight to the South—writes:

"My first acquaintance with Effie was during her childhood, while I served a short pastorate in the church where she was reared. We meet sometimes with natures which seem almost to have

escaped the universal blight of sin; free, apparently, from that innate depravity which, until touched by the Divine Restorer, develops the fruit of unrighteousness—natures such as that which our Lord once looked upon lovingly and said—‘Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God.’ Such was Effie in the sweetness and bloom of her girlhood. From the very beginning, she bore the likeness of one of Heaven’s nobility. Her goodness was not merely negative, such as those who are completely described by saying—‘They are not bad’—who are too weak to be wicked. Her heart throbbed with strong impulses; her mind possessed great breadth and strength of grasp; and her pronounced personality gave promise of being one of the large factors in the forces of life.

“It is one of the bright days in my memories of pastoral work, when I first spoke to Effie of Jesus, and asked her to take her place among his followers. No frivolous indifference to the claims of her Redeemer, and no stubborn, unwillingness to take up her cross and follow Him, was exhibited, but a quick and tender responsiveness, a clear perception of duty, and a joyous willingness to yield implicitly to its call. On the 14th day of January,

1871, this leal and loving soul first joined with the people of God in bearing witness for Christ, and allying herself to His cause, which she ever aided and adorned until the day of her release, when the Master came and spoke tenderly to her drooping spirit, weary of weakness and pain, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"When next I knew Effie, it was in full womanhood. In the interval, advancing years and education had wrought out wondrously the prophesies of her childhood. Mind and heart had grown with equal force. Her broad comprehension of the sober realities of life, her thorough understanding of what the young are so prone to overlook—that the harvest always follows the sowing—her resolve to discard all petty ends, and grapple only with purposes reaching to things useful and great, and her mind scorning frivolities and delighting itself only in the great themes of science and philosophy, and in the solutions of the great problems of the world's life—all revealed a noble and queenly soul.

"In her religious life, Effie walked with anointed eyes through the world, seeing Him who is invisible, and looking upon the things unseen and eternal.

Her fellowship was with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ. She bowed reverently to the will of her Master, and trusted lovingly in His care. Such was her development of mind and heart that the middle-aged, and the old, and those of large mental and spiritual attainments, delighted in her companionship, because she was able to follow them along any intricate path of thought or into any mystery of personal experience, whither they might choose to lead her. No side of her nature was dwarfed or deformed. Alike in taste, in moral principle, in mental power, and in spirituality, she was rapidly developed into the character of a true woman.

“When disease came, contracted while at the post of duty, she bore it with a patience and courage worthy of such a character. Painful days and wearisome nights were appointed unto her; but she passed through all with bright cheerfulness, which made her, in her days of sickness, even more lovable than before. Medical skill and tender care were alike unable to avert the destroyer’s march; inch by inch, the foundations of life were undermined, but as the body languished, the soul mounted up on the path of the just, shining more and more

unto the perfect day. A short, but noble and beautiful, life has ended, and with sad heart we offer this tribute to her memory.

“W. H. McMILLAN.

“ALLEGHENY, *July, 1879.*”

A lady of Boston, herself an exile for the sake of health, occupied, in the San Antonio boarding-house, a little room whose walls were covered from floor to ceiling with bright pictures of her own creation. Thus she writes of the days in which she found a higher interpretation of life, to her so unexpected, in a land of strangers:

“DEAR FRIEND: Yesterday, a pictured face was laid in my hand, and, as it chanced, I sat in the little square room where, so often, in the earlier days of her illness, your sister came to me, in the late afternoon hours, for rest and change. That it was her face, I at once saw, but younger than I had known it, less grown, less spiritual—a handsome, strong face, bearing promise of a noble womanhood. This was conveyed in the portrait, but in herself, even in the first days of our meet-

ing, was the awakening life which the pictured semblance held but faintly, and rather as an innate promise than an immanent presence.

“How clearly I recall those early days under the arch of the wonderful southern sky, days luminous with light, interpenetrated with sun, wherein Nature seemed to promise fair amends for her northern rigor. We all associated ‘the sick lady,’ as the children lovingly called her, with sun, air, and all sweetness and beauty; for to these she belonged as they to her—and to all these was her door ever swung wide. Her room held the treasure trove of our household of sojourners. What did we not bring her? Along with the waifs of wayside and prairie, the joys and griefs of the house gravitated to her heart-whole sympathy.

“Reviewing certain quiet hours spent together, I am strongly impelled to send you the shadow of their fullness. I say the shadow, for I find the vital essence so real to me, that words can hardly be other than shadowy over against its clear completeness. But to you I leave the interpretation of spirit beyond the letter. Claiming a personal acquaintance of short weeks only, yet am I so assured of having met a Reality of Soul, that I

—
speak with less hesitancy than otherwise must be, and in my reverent recognition of that Reality, you must find justification of these words, not in memory of what your sister was, more than in witness of what she is. The centres of her life lay beyond mutations of earth, and significant of that was the keynote of all her longer talks with me. A yearning desire to do right, and to become right in thought, feeling, and life, a restless impatience with the self that she felt so slow to become unselfed—these were her strongest aspirations, and to this becoming and being she steadfastly set herself.

“One day, driving in the open country beyond the city limits, she said, after a long silence, ‘It just comes to me that this is God’s country!’ and in reply to a look of inquiry from me, ‘You don’t know how I hated to come here. Nobody knew. I have rebelled against everything, but to-day I have a new sight of things; these free, open spaces bring me rest and peace;’ and she added, with a naive nod of child-like earnestness, ‘I will try and get well here, and not trouble sister by making her feel that I am disappointed in things.’ Hand in hand, were always found the two motives—for right’s sake, for love’s sake. With pathetic intonation, she said, one day, as we were speaking of

the inevitable trials and hardnenses in life, 'If I felt God's love as I feel my sister's, if I were as sure, I could bear things!'

"As days and weeks went on, the sureness grew and deepened, and the bearing of things under the terrible stress of bodily weakness, was her patient endeavor. Along with her brightest longings, a part of her truest life was the trustful clinging love for that elder sister, who was to her, shelter and refuge, counselor and comforter. This love, and her restful faith in it, was her stronghold on the outer of life, and was to her the sweet interpreter through which that other love of the Spirit revealed itself.

"Watching me at my work, as she sat in my room one of the 'tired afternoons,' she said, with tearful eyes, 'It is so hard, so hard, to do nothing! If the Lord only lets me get well, I shall work for Him so! Why, I thought I tried, before I was sick; but now I know more what it means, and if He only lets me get well, I shall work, O! so hard—so much better.' Dear child! She had hard work then on her hands: the burden of laying down the apparent goods of life, and taking up the real. And was this nothing to do? I remember our talk led up to this question,

and the fact of there being so many kinds of work, and so many ways of working, even though one lies enthralled to bodily weakness. It is not easy to get at the significance of Life all at once. This is one of those pearls bought with a price. Doing is so involved with Being in our minds, and so closely allied to it, in truth, that when the door suddenly shuts on the one, and we are thrust unprepared on the stern solution of pure Being alone, we stand chilled and isolated in hopeless bewilderment, till at last the apartness resolves itself into undreamed of nearness. I well recall her thoughtful face as we spoke of these things, and of the inner meaning which Life must hold, soon or late, for every soul coming to its own consciousness—coming to itself; and of the rightness of the way, whereby this meaning should be revealed to us—even though it lay through the valley of the shadow of death. The shadow—verily—and no more.

“Your sister did not speak to me directly of her own going, but I am confident that was in her mind, when, again and again, she turned to these subjects of deeper import. One of her last good nights to me, she prefaced by whispering, ‘Things look differently from what they used, and

I try to be patient, and wait, and feel it must all be right.'

"Earth's pain and weariness grew 'apace; our talks became more and more infrequent: the time for words went by: a smile—a handclasp—and all was said, as ever clear and more clear was the breaking dawn of her coming birthday. And there, at the gate of the New Life, we leave her—more alive, more herself, than we are yet ready to apprehend, through the veiled vision of our mortality:

““ And, O beloved voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because ere long
Ye break off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil,—I am strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols: and albeit
He break them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty—glorified—
New Memmons singing in the great God-light.”

“T.

“SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, *August 4th, 1879.*”

Time Goes by Turns.

THE following poem, quaint and old, was a chosen favorite with her, the little story of whose life threads the preceding pages. To her, this poem was wreathed about with happy associations. Often she quoted from it; often she copied it among selections for her friends. Breathing a spirit of quiet, subtle philosophy, it expressed, like an inspiration, the leadings of a mind ideal and poetic in its tendencies, yet to whose earnest nature the ideal served only as a model by which to frame the real life. This poem is eminently one of the life which is; such was it to her when life seemed long, and eternity the distant ocean, whose low, faint murmur scarcely reached her ears.

TIME GOES BY TURNS.

This rare old poem was written by Robert Southwell, who was born at Horseham, St. Faith's, Norfolk, England, A. D. 1560. He was thrown into the Tower, July, 1592, on an accusation of complicity in a plot against Queen Elizabeth; was ten times subjected to torture, but made no confession beyond that of being a Jesuit, and having exercised his priest's office; was condemned to death for constructive treason, in refusing to take the oath of supremacy, February 20th, 1595, and on the following day, was hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn, meeting his fate with firmness and composure.

The lopped tree in time may grow again.

Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower.
The sorriest wight may find release from pain;
The driest soil sucks in some moistening shower;
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not overflow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end.
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always full of leaf, nor ever spring;
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day.
The saddest bird a season finds to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise but fear to fall.

A chance may win what by mischance was lost;
The net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things, all; in all things, none are crossed.
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall:
Who least, hath some, who most, hath never all.

Sometimes.

SOMETIMES.

In striking contrast to the foregoing is the following poem, many times read and repeated by Effie, the weary-waiting invalid. Viewed from the other side of the plain, life was as the fading fancies of a dream, or as a tale that had been told, and needed no philosophy. Another life lay just beyond, and of that life must be the song. Among her sacred papers, in the afterward, was found a faintly penciled copy of these lines, doubtless placed there as a parting message to those she loved.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forever more have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have
spurned ;

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me.
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see;
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
To much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now,
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrows with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know, that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friends,
And sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push aside the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,

We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart,
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest;
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love,
therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee."

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